

How to Waste Other People's Time

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Category: Maple Story

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-11 06:18:03

Updated: 2016-04-11 06:18:03

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:01:43

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,111

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Clickbait.

How to Waste Other People's Time

Before five stood a poorly made grave in a dim place of Party Quest Entrance: Spiegelmann's Guest House, placed in a narrow spot between the house- where a portal resides- and a piano, where Spiegella stood near. There was no body, so there were nothing for them to bury beneath a five-pebble high decoration. The pebbles were arranged from big to small, the top pebble being as small as grain. A piece of paper was placed in front of the pebble, floating up and down on the spot as it revealed several hand-written words: "RIP WeakestSword".

The Bow Master with full Fensalir equipment and Utgard Bow set stood the closest to the grave sighed solemnly before turning around and looked at his party members, with one's name greyed out in the list. The others, all strangely clothed for a funeral — an Angelic Buster, wearing her fancy white top and purple bottom, the normal uniform of a transformed twin-tailed pink hair girl; a Flame Wizard who wore a mix of low level equipment, with her Blue Varr hat on her head, and an Utgard staff in hand; a long haired male with lonely purple eyes, Eunwol, with mixed Fensalir equipment with level 100 gears, and a pair of Reverse Equinox equipped on his hands; lastly stood a female Xenon with empty pair of eyes that subtly showed sadness and Orchid's signature twin tails, wearing Chef Tangyoon's hat and overall, holding a green Zakum Poisonic Energy Sword.

'Today, our brother has fallen,' the Bow Master said grimly. Angelic Buster suppressed her urge to cry by sniffing. 'WeakestSword' — a Soul Master of our respect. The man who wore level 0 Knight of Cygnus uniform - one bestowed when starting out as a knight-in-training - who used a Sword to slay his foes — now gone. He truly lived up his name, having the weakest sword in hand. All of us tried to support him — giving him higher level equip and weapon, some money to buy potions for his health, slaying more foes before they could reach

him, but all were in vain. He refused our offers, and headed straight on, to prove his worth.'

The paper before the stacked stones disappeared into nothingness. 'He managed to live to level 140. He was a remarkable man,' said the Flame Wizard, removing her tears with her fingers. Eunwol patted her back, and she politely rejected him by showing a weak smile.

'Wouldn't you miss the times where you could poke fun of his damage?'

Bow Master chuckled sadly. 'Ah, right, his damage was horrible.'

'We couldn't even retrieve his body,' sighed Xenon. 'It has been completelyâ€|'

'What matters is that he still remains in a part of our lives,' Eunwol said, acting brave. 'Even though he is now gone, we will be the proof of his existence.'

'That's right,' the Bow Master nodded. 'We need to go on without him â€" even with another person in our party, we shan't stay too long mourning a gone soul.' Then he turned around, placing a piece of paper before the grave again â€" another piece of white paper with hand-written words similar to the previous.

'He should've just used the items we gave him,' uttered Angelic Buster, her words hinted a little of anger. 'Then he wouldn't have disappeared completelyâ€|'

'It's too late for that, isn't it?' chuckled Eunwol. 'As we speak, he probably would be erased in our memoriesâ€| sooner or later, the man with the weakest armor and weakest sword will be thrown to the back of our heads as we see more and more stronger friends and foes alike.'

'Don't say such thing,' Bow Master hissed quietly, moving his head slightly to the back. 'Surely you cannot forget such things. What are the odds of someone going into a battlefield with the weakest armor and survive all of themâ€|' he paused briefly before continuing, 'At least, to level 140? It is unheard of at this point. Look around this area.'

He did. Others were wearing strong armor â€" all at least level 70 items were on their body, except those who are below level 70 who were partying in silence, and quickly as they arrive into the Party Quest Entrance, they quickly disappeared into somewhere else, perhaps the magic of the Non-Player Characters that spirited them away to somewhere they couldn't see anymore, increasing their experience points in the yellow bar away from the five-people group who were mourning near the corner. Curious glances casted onto them as new characters enter the map, passing through the small group, wondering what they were doing, standing in a bunch at such a narrow spot, very near to the entrance, too.

The group need not to explain to them. What stood in front of them was a grave, and it was obvious to others that it was a grave. What was not obvious was the fact that their body were hiding the small, horrible-made, and halfhearted grave they placed in a dim place, where they last entered as a team, and left with only five people instead of six.

A man entered the area. His armor was covered up by cash items, every inch of his body reeks of the scent of money. Just a first glance, and one would know that he is very, very strong. He alone was in another level compared to the whole of the five-man group, and they looked at him in a mixture of awe and anger as they examined the man's equipment — a cash item, followed by the equipment it hides, and they weren't any level 140 equipment — they were the legendary, many sought for level 140 equipment — The Empress Set. The accessories worn weren't items one can easily get at level 140, either.

The man caught a glimpse of the paper's contents before it vanished into thin air when he moved to the side of the balcony above the five-man group. He frowned at them. 'What the—! What are you guys doing?'

'You!' The Flame Wizard burst into flames. 'You tricked us! You made us thought you were a poor newbie and needed assistance to level up! But you lied to us — and look at you now!'

'Grave was well placed,' Xenon nodded. 'WeakestSword, the Soul Master with level 0 equipment and weapon, is dead.'

'Wait, what? I'm right here!' The Soul Master said, shocked. 'Just because I changed my equipment doesn't mean that I'm dead! Heck, I survived all those ordeals until this level with my link skills!'

WeakestSword, the Soul Master who used to bear the name of truth, had become the warrior who bore the name of irony in his journey.

End
file.